For following her affaires, put in his legs,
Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

Gloſt. I am ſorry for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
Will not be rubd nor ſtopt, Ile intreate for thee.

Kent. Pray you do not ſir, I haue watcht and trauaild hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleepe out, the reſt Ile whiſtle,
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,
Giue you good morrow.

Gloſt. The Duke's too blame in this, twill be ill tooke.
Exit.

Kent. Good King, that muſt approue the common ſaw,
Thou out of heauens benediction comeſt
To the warme Sunne.
Approach thou beacon to this vnder-globe,
That by thy comfortable beames I may
Peruſe this letter, nothing almoſt ſees my wracke
But miſery, I know tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moſt fortunately bene informed
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall finde time
From this enormious ſtate, ſeeking to giue
Loſſes their remedies, all weary and ouer-watcht,
Take vantage heauy eies not to behold
This ſhamefull lodging; Fortune goodnight,
Smile, once more turne thy wheele. *He ſleepes.*

Enter Edgar.

Edgar, I heare my ſelfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Eſcapt the hunt, no Port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt vnuſuall vigilence
Doſt not attend my taking while I may ſcape,
I will preſerue my ſelfe, and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape,
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beaſt; my face ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, elſe all my haire with knots,

And

And with preſented naked
The winde, and perſecution
The Country giues me pro
Of *Bedlam* beggers, who w
Strike in their numb'd and
Pins, wooden prickes, naile
And with this horrible obj
Poore pelting villages, ſhe
Sometime with lunaticke
Enforce their charity, poor
That's ſomething yet, *Edga*

Enter K

Lear. Tis ſtrange that the
And not ſend backe my me
Knight. As I learn'd, the
No purpoſe of his remoue.
Kent. Haile to thee noble
Lear. How, mak'ſt thou
Foole. Ha, ha, looke, he w
Horſes are tide by the heele
By the necke, munkies by th
By the legs, when a man's o
hen he weares wooden ne
Lear. What's he, that ha
thee here?
Kent. It is both he and ſh
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No I ſay.
Kent. I ſay yea.
Lear. No, no, they would
Kent. Yes they haue.
Lear. By *Iupiter* I ſweare
They would not, could not
To do vpon reſpect ſuch vio
Reſolue me with all modeſt

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCO